

WHAT DID YOU SEE TO-DAY?

DAILY PRIZES

For the best stories each day: FIRST PRIZE, \$25; SECOND PRIZE, \$10; THIRD PRIZE, \$5. TEN PRIZES of \$2 each for ten next best stories.

WEEKLY PRIZES

Capital prizes for best stories of week distributed among daily prize winners as follows: FIRST PRIZE, \$100; SECOND PRIZE, \$50; THIRD PRIZE, \$25; FOURTH PRIZE, \$10.

EVENING WORLD PAGE OF BRIGHT, UNUSUAL HAPPENINGS

REPORTED BY EVENING WORLD READERS

To make this news feature even more entertaining and interesting Special Prizes are to be awarded Daily and Weekly. One Dollar is paid for every item printed; the prizes are in addition. Send them to "What Did You See?" Editor, Evening World, Post Office Box 185, City Hall Station. WRITE ABOUT HAPPENINGS IN YOUR OWN NEIGHBORHOOD.

MANHATTAN

ON THE BOWERY.

I saw to-day on the Bowery some very classy names on the hotels and lodging houses of that much abused thoroughfare. Among others: Majestic, Savoy, Delavan, Grand Windsor, Newport, Palma, Star, Palace, Capitol, Puritan, Glenmore, Plaza, Gotham, Manhattan, Niagara, Victoria, Union, Arcade, Columbus, Mascot, Eclipse, Progress, Lanier, Marathon, Onward, Eagle, Alabama, One Mile, Montauk, Commercial, Caruso, Boston, New York, Bayard, Uncas, White House, Nassau, Defender, Uncle Sam, United States, Westchester, Salvation Army Memorial and Chinese Seaman's Boarding House. There also are two lodging houses for women, one at No. 243, conducted by the Salles, and the other at No. 6 Bowery, where you can sit in a chair all night free of charge. Prices, I may add, range from 15 cents at the Savoy to \$1 and up at the Capitol.—James J. Barnes, No. 338 East 23d Street.

THE BABY.

On Amsterdam Avenue near 134th Street to-day an ambulance was standing outside a house in which a woman had just been found a suicide from inhaling gas. As I stood there I saw the ambulance surgeon come out with a tiny baby in his arms. He put her in the ambulance and began working to try to resuscitate her.—Mrs. L. Carroll, No. 525 W. 135th Street.

MY G.

Seated next to me in the subway car was a heavy young man. He looked as if he had been the star man on whatever football team he had played on. He was reading. I tried to catch a glimpse of the title of the book, but apparently he did not want me to see it, since he kept it well covered. Finally, however, I saw the words: "Huddy-Luddy, Luddy-Luddy." He looked at me and smiled. When I smiled back at him he said: "Pretty good."—S. Mullally, No. 112 West 67th Street.

VETERAN.

This morning at Seventh Avenue and 17th Street I saw a horse attached to a small delivery wagon standing at the curb. It took no notice of the passing cars until a fireman approached. Then the horse cocked his ears, tossed his head in the air, pawed the asphalt and acted altogether as if he recognized some one and wanted to attract his attention. The fireman walked over to the horse, took him by the forelock, scratched his forehead and spoke to him. The horse in turn pushed his head against the fireman and nuzzled his coat and sleeve as if he had done it many, many times before automobile engines displaced horses in going to work.—William Moore, No. 104 W. 43d Street.

"WEAR A ROSE OF GREEN." I know this isn't the 17th of March, but today I saw a cluster of green roses. They were growing on a bush in the garden of Peter Schmidt, No. 238 Meade Street, Brooklyn. They have small, delicate petals and are perfectly formed.—L. Webster, No. 108 West 125th Street.

BRONX

FURTHER DETAILS. Attached is a clipping from the "What Did You See To-day?" page of The Evening World. When I was a little child I lived in a little village in the Bronx, and the trolley, which now crosses the new bridge at Gun Hill Road, used to go down a hill and run along almost level with the river. In those days one could get a good view of the statue. I asked my uncle about it and he told me this story.

In the neighborhood, somewhere along the Bronx River, there lived an Italian who was interested in sculpture. In his spare time he made many monuments for Woodlawn Cemetery. He made the soldier, attention to which is called by James J. Barnes. It so happened that this statue was merely the sample, and the sculptor did not live to complete his work. After his death some friends put the statue in the river.—Ethel C. Mayer, No. 1238 Webster Avenue, Bronx.

ANOTHER BRONX MYSTERY. After looking up the history of the Bronx I fail to find any record of a great flood. I am, therefore, unable to account for the skeleton framework of an elevated railway, which may be seen on the roof of a two-story house half a block west of Third Avenue, near 165th Street.—Joseph Bush, No. 361 East 165th Street, Bronx.

THE "FINDING PLACE." Once every week I have been taking the children down to the beach at Ocean Parkway, and I thought I would write to The Evening World about one feature of the beach that I am enthusiastic about. There is a tent down there where "first aid" is applied, and to this tent are brought all the little children who get lost in the crowds and amidst the attractions. I think one of the best sights of the beach is to see big, bronzed life-savers bringing these tots to the "finding place," buying them jellybeans, soothing them, and, if necessary, amusing all until they are claimed by their sometimes hysterical mothers. I hope the life-savers at Parkway Baths see this note of appreciation from one mother whose small son was on one occasion among the "lost."—Rose Langson, No. 1288 Roe Avenue, Bronx.

A LITTLE THEATRE IN COENOTES SLIP. I saw an outdoor stage being built to-day in Coenotes Slip. The structure evidently is planned for the entertainment of sailors temporarily in this port who make their homes in the nearby peacocks' Church Institute. The stage is built of brick and will have a dome roof. It is impressive in the dramatic surroundings of this old New York avenue.—H. Lang, No. 329 York Avenue, Bronx.

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MANHATTAN

THE INSULT.

I was having breakfast in an eating-place in West Street when a young man entered and asked the proprietor for something to eat. He said he had been out of work three months and had not had a bite to eat for two days. When the restaurateur had listened to his story and had given him a good breakfast he offered the young man a job at \$40 a month, with meals and sleeping quarters. The offer was turned down.—R. F. Verall, No. 325 Third Avenue.

IN THE PUBLIC MIND.

I had an opportunity to-day to observe the psychological effect on the community of a striking piece of news. Hydroplanes fly up and down the Hudson so much that their presence in the air has been accepted as a matter of course. People get so they rarely give them more than a passing glance, but this morning, when the newspapers featured the missing of the hydroplane, I saw scores of people stop on Riverside Drive to watch one overhead as if it were the first they ever saw.—James J. Wilson, 310 W. 29th Street.

S. R. O.

I saw about fifty men sitting on the steps of the rear entrance of City Hall. I made a tour of the park and saw bootblack stands, candy and news stands, but there was not one bench where a person could sit down and rest in the park.—James J. Barnes, No. 338 E. 23d Street.

LOW COMEDIAN.

A fat man to-day with a bed-spread wrapped about him after the fashion of the old Roman toga, strolled among the bathers at Long Beach. As he made his way through the scantily-clad throng, his draperies floating in the breeze, wearing a straw hat and smoking a black cigar, he looked like a musical comedy version of a Roman Senator, with everyone else made up for the chorus.—Anna Barker, No. 225 W. 69th Street.

QUEENS

"THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A GOOD CRY."

We always knew our dog "Nellie" was a devoted mother and above the average intelligence for a dog, and what I saw last night makes her appear more human than ever. Nellie has four puppies. We were awakened in the night by their whining. They were two days old. "Nellie" tried to console them but without avail. She grabbed the one that was making the most noise and twice walked the length of the room with it. It continued to cry and "Nellie" dropped it on the floor in the middle of the room and went through the same performance with the others. There was no lessening their crying, however, and finally "Nellie" sat down in the center of her young family and cried with them.—Anna M. Medir, No. 289 Fifth Avenue, Astoria, L. I.

SCOTT.

Coming home from Jamaica last evening on the "L.I." I saw a boy of eleven or so who ought to be in some institution. Some boys are simply dreadful. This boy carried a "new" warning" card carried by New York motorists. When you have been called to account a specified number of times and your card shows that you have reached the limit, you get a summons. These Roadway offenders were said to have left their cars parked on the main thoroughfare for more than an hour.—Samuel Adelson, No. 1106 Oak Palace, Far Rockaway.

CALL TO ACCOUNT.

In Central Avenue last night I saw a policeman standing in the middle of the road indignantly writing. I was told he was making his mark on the new "warning" cards carried by New York motorists. When you have been called to account a specified number of times and your card shows that you have reached the limit, you get a summons. These Roadway offenders were said to have left their cars parked on the main thoroughfare for more than an hour.—Samuel Adelson, No. 1106 Oak Palace, Far Rockaway.

RUNAWAY TURTLE OF FINE PLAINS.

We have been spending our vacation at Long Beach, N. Y., and when Sunday came the young man of the family carried us to church by automobile. On the way back we saw a small snapping turtle crossing the State road and the young man decided to adopt it. Catching the snapper was no cinch, but he landed it after a while, placed it in the tool box and drove home. When a woman from the nearest farm house appeared and said: "Young man, that turtle is mine property. I've been fattening him up and last night he climbed out of the tub." The property was returned to its rightful owner.—Mrs. W. Shannon, No. 341 11th Avenue, Astoria.

RICHMOND.

LAST DAYS OF SUMMER.

While walking in Nassau Street to-day I saw a big wagon loaded with runaway straw hats. I also have been seeing old straw hats in the early morning lately in front of the hat shops. Pretty good reminder, I call it, that dear old summer is on its last legs.—J. V. Gersagor, No. 112 Maryland Avenue, Rosbank, S. I.

TOMBOY.

On Ambury Road last night we saw somebody's granddaughter having the time of her young life. She sat on the back seat of a motorcar, wore an old-time divided skirt, enormous goggles and a wide, if somewhat shabby, sunbonnet. She was wildly from a veil and she seemed to be having really a good time, although occasionally she did utter a gasp of fright.—Pauline B. Walker, No. 121 Conlee Avenue, Grant City, S. I.

OUT OF TOWN.

CONVALESCENT.

On Spring Street, in West Hoboken, I saw a woman wheeling a baby carriage, the only passenger in which was a colic dog. Everybody stopped to have another look. If the woman was one of those who indulge in "baby talk" to their pets I wouldn't take the trouble to write about the incident. But she didn't. She merely wheeled the carriage along. The colic was stretched out as if lazy or indifferent or day-dreaming. You know, I thought the woman might be out of her head, or something, and I asked some boys in the neighborhood about her. "She's a dandy lady," one of them said. "Her dog has been awful sick."—Mrs. G. H. Hilge, No. 8 Fifth Street, Weehawken, N. J.

"BACK AGAIN THE SAME DAY."

My friend and I went from Bear Mountain to West Point by way of a detour in his machine. We also visited Highland Falls and while there met some girls at a soda fountain. Later we bade the girls good night and started back. We went through West Point and followed the State road, taking what we thought was the detour. We soon came again to the State road, but after travelling about six miles we again, to our surprise, met the girls we had been with at Highland Falls. "What town are we in?" we asked them. "Highland Falls," they answered. "And the soda fountain is only three blocks away."—John Adonizio, No. 27 North Fourth Avenue, Mount Vernon, N. Y.

PAIS.

In Syracuse to-day I saw a mail carrier followed by ten dogs led by a little Alaskan which barked along on three legs at the carrier's side. Neighbors told me that every morning at 8 o'clock Prince, the Alaskan, meets the carrier, a Mr. Cahill, at the car barn and accompanies him on his route where they are joined sometimes by other dogs. He does this in winter and summer, and when the mail delivery has been completed Mr. Cahill buys the dog a good lunch. He takes him aboard a car and brings him back to the post office, whence the dog returns home to his rightful owner. The friendship began four years ago, when Prince suffered an attack of distemper which shortened one leg. Mr. Cahill petted him and ever since Prince has rewarded him with his company on his morning delivery. Florence E. Duncy, No. 121 Union Street, Elizabeth, N. J.

THE SHOWER.

There was a great commotion in the car of the Summit Avenue train at the Hudson Terminal last night as I was going home. I looked up and saw ten or twelve young women usher into the car one of their number who evidently was about to become a bride. She was being showered with confetti, but even more startling to me than this was to see that each of the party carried a kitchen utensil. One was beating a pan with a rolling pin. We all realized now that this was the outcome of an office "kitchen shower." One young man smilingly gave up his seat to the bride-to-be, who immediately was loaded down with presents ranging from paring knives to frying pans and was left with a fusillade of congratulations. To the amusement of all, she and giggle of the other passengers.—Miss Wagner, No. 278 Magnolia Avenue, Jersey City.

WHY THE MAN WAS LOOKING AT HER.

I had a long wait and I sat on a bench on the upper platform of the 125th Street Station of the New York Central. Next to me was an elderly lady in a great state of excitement. I asked her if she was ill. "No," she answered. "I'm not ill, but I am highly indignant. That man is trying to speak to me." For the first time I observed the man. I asked him if he wanted to learn anything and he said he wanted to know where that lady was going. "Buffalo," she snapped. "What did you pay for your ticket?" he next asked her. "I gave two five-dollar bills," she answered. "I beg your pardon, madam," he responded. "You gave me three five-dollar bills. Here is one of them back." It was the ticket agent.—M. McK. Caskill, N. Y.

FRUIT OR VEGETABLE?

This morning the manager of the store where I am employed handed me what was called a lemon-cucumber. It is exactly the shape of a lemon and yellow. I had it for dinner, and found it looked on the inside as does an ordinary cucumber and tasted about the same. It is raised in California.—Helen C. LaRue, No. 38 Summit Street, Bristol, Conn.

NAIVE.

A man walked into my office to-day and asked me to draw a note for him. He presented me with a lead pencil copy he had draughted. I read, "Ninety days after date I promise to pay to the order of—\$100."—W. L. F. Ramsey, N. Y.

BLACK DIAMONDS.

To-day I saw a wagon load of coal driven up the road. A few pieces fell to the roadway and the driver, instead of going ahead as he might have done last spring, stopped, took his shovel and retrieved every lump of it. He too knew the possible significance of the strike.—Elizabeth Bailey, Garnerville, N. Y.

KICK.

My wife has been picking huckleberries and blackberries since they have ripened and of them has made what she thought was jelly. She asked me to-day to sample some blackberry "jelly" and upon doing so I discovered she had unwittingly violated the Eighteenth Amendment. It was strong blackberry wine and I disposed of some of it before we received any visitors, official or otherwise.—Arthur Lally, Roosevelt, L. I.

BROOKLYN

A MARKED MAN.

Every morning for a week, while sweeping my front walk, I had seen the same man pass by. He wears a Palm Beach suit and a Panama hat and always carries a parcel. I also had noticed that when he reached the vacant lot on the next corner he tossed the parcel into the weeds and walked on. My curiosity aroused, I went there yesterday when he had passed and saw that the parcel consisted of a tin can or two and the remains of a late supper and an early breakfast. I made inquiries and learned that he rooms with a family on Bay Eighth Street. . . . Well, I decided that this sort of thing was not to be tolerated—we don't want to be bothered with more flies and more mosquitoes and possibly rats—and I spoke to a neighbor who is a policeman. "I'll put a stop to that," she said, and this morning she sat with me on the porch (her badge shining bright) when the man passed. He carried a bulging shopping-bag. She followed. He walked past the vacant lot, reached the next corner beyond, opened the bag, took out a milk pail and stepped into the grocery. . . . But we'll get him yet!—Anna L. Shumway, No. 1451 Bath Avenue, Brooklyn.

BLANKET EXCUSE.

In my neighborhood lives a man who possesses a wonderful alarm clock. During the summer he sets it near an open window, and when it rings at 6 o'clock it can be heard for a block. This morning for some reason it failed to sound, and the neighborhood was late for work.—W. E. Marsh, No. 218 Grove Street, Brooklyn.

"POMME."

In the subway to-day an old lady stepped in front of a seated young man who was chewing gum. He closed his eyes to fawn sleep, but he forgot to stop chewing gum. A young lady standing near whispered to her friend. The latter laughed as she looked at the young man. Soon another began laughing, and another; and at the next station the young man left the train.—M. J. Blustein, No. 621 New Jersey Avenue, Brooklyn.

SURF RIDERS.

Several boys were on the roof of Pier No. 97, East River, which extends several hundred feet into the water, ready for a plunge. Just then the Fall River boat Commonwealth came along, kicking up a tremendous wake. All dived in and were seen enjoying the ocean breakers, which tossed them about as if they were egg shells.—Charles Stranisky, No. 745 Driggs Avenue, Brooklyn.

"RHUMATISM."

I had noticed for several mornings on a Vanderbilt Avenue car an old gentleman who wore an apron made of several layers of cloth. At Park Row to-day I asked him why he wore it. "Rhumatisme," he answered. "The weather has been cool and my legs get cold in the open cars." He then rolled up the apron and tucked it under his arm.—George H. Hall, No. 82 Seelye Street, Brooklyn.

SWEETHEARTS.

I come home from business every night on the Fulton Street "L" and nearly always reach the Eld Avenue Station at precisely 7 o'clock. On several occasions I have seen an elderly gentleman alight from the same train there, walk to the end of the platform and wave his evening newspaper. To-night I decided to see what it was all about. As he approached the stairway at the end of the station he waved the paper. . . . On Herkimer Street, one block distant, the back of one house is visible from the "L" station. There, standing in the screened doorway, a motherly looking lady in gingham was waving her handkerchief.—Charles L. King Jr., No. 138 Marion Street, Brooklyn.

NOT THE SLIGHTEST INTENTION.

Yesterday I saw a party of out-of-town girls, who were "doing" New York, march into the office where the famous Tiffany diamond is kept. The clerk produced the stone, saying: "This is the famous, large, octahedral, colorless diamond. It is worth \$100,000. It is not for sale." Thereupon I heard the words of the party who were "doing" New York. "We weren't thinking of buying it."—Elizabeth Boyce, No. 317 83d Street, Brooklyn.

HE RAN.

This morning a boy came into my store and said he dropped five cents down the cellar grating and asked if I'd give it to him. I did. In a few minutes a similar fellow came in with his mother, crying bitterly that he had dropped a nickel down the grating. Just then I observed the first boy coming out of a shop across the way eating an ice cream cone. When he saw me he ran.—G. E. Lawrence, No. 77 South Second Street, Brooklyn.

MILLIONAIRE FOR A MINUTE.

In 84th Street, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, to-day, I noticed a yellow, rakish roadster and never having seen one of the make I stopped to look at it. Immediately a score of people crowded about me and one man asked me if I was out of gas. I explained I was merely looking at the car and departed hurriedly.—Charles Hermansen, No. 464 46th Street, Brooklyn.

"THE BRIGADES WERE SEATED AROUND THE CAMPFIRE."

At 10th Street and St. Ann's Avenue in the Bronx to a mass of rock which rises thirty feet above the ground. I have often thought when passing the place that this should make a great "fort" for the young boys of the neighborhood. To-day I saw three kids rise out of the top of that rock and slide down its face. I investigated and found nine more sitting around the base holding a gun-club. They told me the disgraced members I had seen had been sentenced to six slides apiece for violating a "gang" rule. . . . I'd like to be on hand when these mothers inspect those three pairs of pants.—John J. O'Mara, No. 318 Macos Street, Brooklyn.

BY THE WAY.

To prevent his visitors from asking embarrassing questions our neighbors have fastened a five-cent bank to the telephone as a reminder to those who use it.—J. Shapiro, No. 15 Manhattan Avenue, Brooklyn.

Yesterday's Special Prizes

First Prize, \$25
MRS. EMMA COTE, No. 130 East 88th Street.
Second Prize, \$10
A. J. HOTCHKISS, No. 49 Church Street, Middletown, Conn.
Third Prize, \$5
MRS. A. C. PANARELLO, Dundee Lake, N. J.
Ten Prizes of \$2 Each
JAMES GIBSON, No. 343 First Avenue.
EVA SPECTOR, No. 51 East 110th Street.
D. LA GAMBA, No. 225 Bowery.
MRS. H. J. O'NEALY, No. 311 Corlear Avenue, Kingsbridge.
MILDRED M'ENTEE, No. 143 128th Street, Richmond Hill.
MRS. JOHN KEEFE, No. 53 Seventh Avenue, Brooklyn.
CHARLES WEIRICH, No. 87 Beaver Street, Brooklyn.
KATE WANDERMAN, No. 354 Bainbridge Street, Brooklyn.
MISS B. LEFFINGWELL, P. O. Box 128, Darien, Conn.
HELEN F. PRATT, No. 384 Park Avenue, Weehawken, N. J.
Read to-day's stories. Pick the ones you think are best. Winners will be announced in this evening's Night Pictorial (Green Sheet) edition and in other editions on Monday.